

He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
 And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
 As if he maltred there a doule spirit
 Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
 There did he pause, but let me tell the world,
 If he out-live the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
 So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

Hot. Coosen, I thinke thou art enamored
 On his follies: neuer did I heare
 Of any Prince so Wild at liberty:
 But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
 I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
 That he shall shrink vnder my courtelie
 Arme, arme with speede, and fellowes souldiers, friends,
 Better consider what you haue to doe,
 That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
 Can lift your bloud vp with perswasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, here are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot reade them now,
 O, Gentlemen the time of life is short,
 To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:
 If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
 Still ending at the arriual of an hower,
 And if he liue, we liue to tread on Kings,
 If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs,
 Now for our Consciences, the armes is faire,
 When the intent for bearing them is iust, *Enter another.*

Mess. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on a pace.

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
 For I professe not talking, onely this,
 Let each man doe his best; and heare draw I a Sword,
 Whose temper I intend to staine
 With the best blood that I can meet withall,
 In the aduerture of this perillous day.
 Now esperance *Percy*, and set on,
 Sound all the lustie instruments of warre,
 And by that musicke, let vs all imbrace,

For heauen to earth, some of vs
 A second time doe such a curte
*Heere they embrace, the Trumpets
 power, alarme to the Battell.*
Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name th
 What honour dost thou seeke

Dow. Know then my name
 And I doe haunt thee in the ba
 Because some tell me, that thou

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford*
 Thy likenesse, for in stead of th
 This Sword hath ended him, so
 Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a pri

Blunt. I was not borne to ye
 And thou shalt find a King tha
 Lord *Staffords* death.

They fight, Douglas kills B

Hot. O *Douglas*, had it thou fo
 I neuer had triumpht ouer a Sec

Dow. Als done, als won, hee

Hot. Where?

Hot. This *Douglas*? No, I k
 Agallant Knight he was, his na
 Semblably furnisht like the King

Dow. Ah foole, go with thy s
 Aborrowed title hast thou boug

Why didst thou tell me, that th

Hot. The King hath many m

Dow. Now by my Sword, I w
 He murder all his Wardrope piec

Vntill I meet the King.

Our Souldiers stand full fairely fo

Alarme, enter F

Fals. Though I could scape
 shot heere, heere's no scoring bu
 you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's hor

For